

# Smack yer pus

## - a review of Irvine Welsh's *The Acid House* by Tommy Mackay

Ah'm sick ti fuck o drugs. If that cunt Irvine Welsh thinks he can keep peddlin them oot like thur gaun oot o fashion, then he's got another think cummin. An he's aye takin the pish oot o us Hearts fans. Shaggin that Goth in *A Smart Cunt* while he's watchin the teleprinter, an cummin when the Hi bees get a result – a mean! Aw that stuff about jellied scumbags on eckys an Supermarios, cock suckin an ravin – it gets oan yer tits. No so much kitchen sink as cracked shite pan.

Mind you, he's no bad at tellin' short stories ah suppose. Dinny expect subtlety, expect plenty dignity strippin. Empty, hopeless radgers are everywhere, like the stupid bastard that disnae ken he's fuckin a transsexual in *Eurotrash*, an the wankin Edinburgh neighbours in *Across the Hall*. The classic *Where the Debris Meets the Sea* is here an aw – Madonna, Kylie an Kim Bassinger droolin o'er pictures o Deek an Dode, the Leith removal crew, an the wan about the two philosophy professors haein a square go in Govan's good tae.

But it's in stories like *The Granton Star Cause* that Welsh really starts cummin intae his element (an ah doant mean shaggin kettles). At last he stops muckin oot the shite fae the pigeon holes an starts ti fly. Boab Coyle's dropped fae the fitba team, gets chucked oot his hoose an his girlfriend dumps him. The he meets God in a bar an gets turned intae a fly – this is excellent stuff. An so's *Snowman Building Parts for Rico the Squirrel*, inspired T.V. TransAtlantic

interaction fir the 'Sketch Femilee Rabirtsin'. Whatever gear he wiz oan when he wrote thae last two is definetly the best.

*The Acid House* itsel's a good wan tae startin wi an explosive trip an rebirth as Coco Bryce gets struck by lightning in West Pilton Park – a sort o *Look Who's Talkin* in a Hibeese style.

Then, just when ye thought he was gaun great guns wi his imagination, we hit *A Smart Cunt: a novella*, an wir back ti smack an cack – familiar sub Burroughs territory like his previous *Trainspotting*. A gid crack but ye just ken it's gaun naewhere, even if ye half hope Smart Brian'll actually dae somethin mair than just kill a blind cunt. At least there's nae hidden preachin. Sleaze wi a fair bit o chuckles, but nuthin near as good as *Granton* or *Acid House*.

So, fair enough, he's a good writer, but ah think he's goat the dreary realism oot his cistern noo an am sure he's gonny get even better. He's workin oan a regency romance it saes oan the fly leaf – that should be a stoatir but ah bet he still manages ti slag aff the Gorgie boys.